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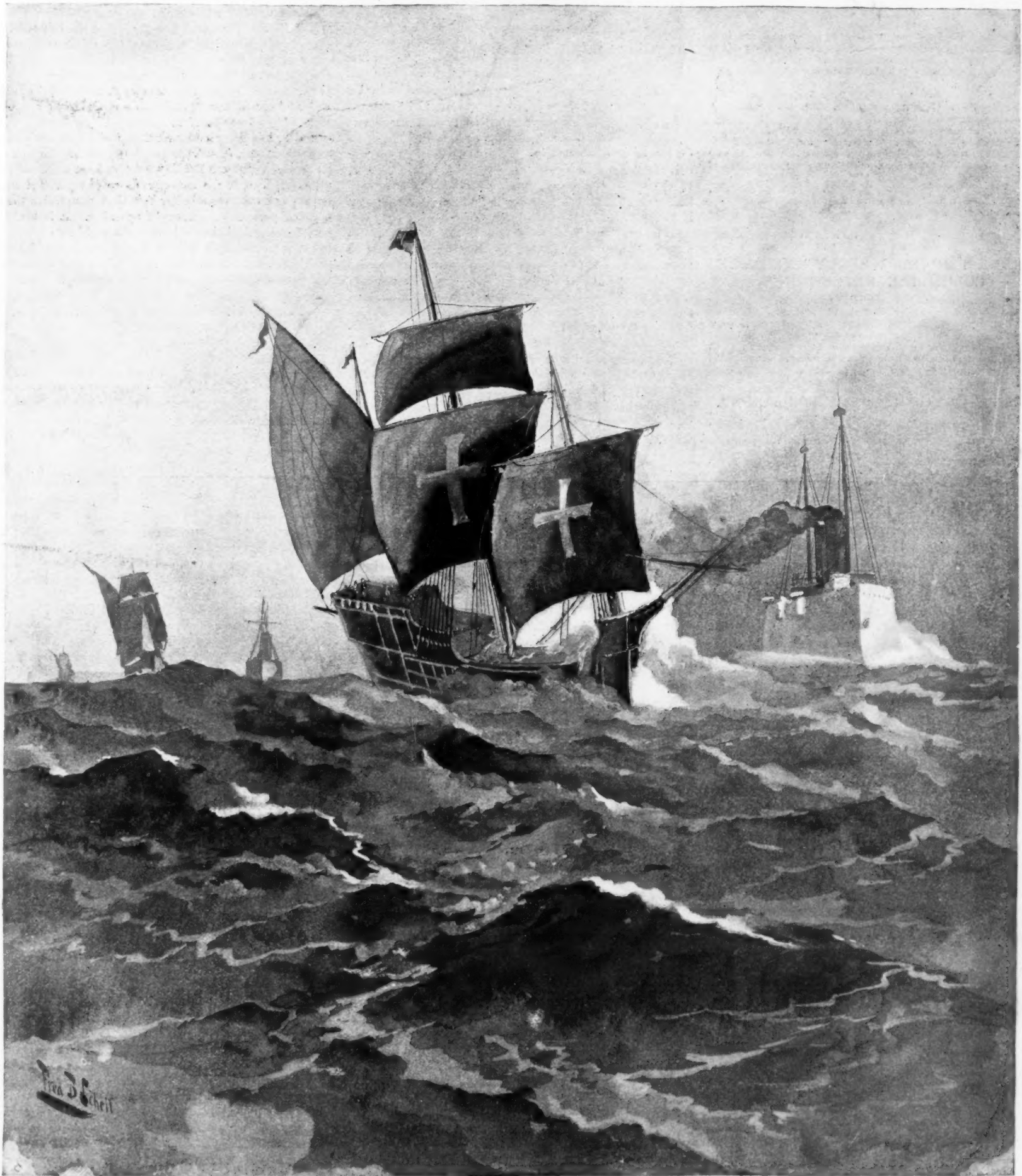
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



VOL. LXXVI.—No. 1964.
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NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1893.

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"The *Santa Maria*, which has a displacement of two hundred tons and a length of seventy-five feet, is considered a thorough sea-going ship, which would cross the ocean, if need be, without the assistance of a tow. Her sailing qualities were in fact demonstrated when, on her return down Hampton Roads from the circuit made on entering, she cast loose her tow-line and, with her odd-shaped sails set across her masts, came running with the wind, like a yacht which has just burst her spinaker."—*New York Tribune dispatch.*

THE GREAT NAVAL PARADE.

THE SPANISH FLEET WITH THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA" UNDER SAIL.—DRAWN BY F. B. SCHELL.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1893.

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PHOTOGRAPH OF BABY RUTH.

THERE was such a demand for the issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY which contained the handsome picture of Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth that the edition was exhausted within a few days of the day of publication. The publishers, in response to requests from all over the country for the picture, have had photographs made from the original sketch by the well-known photographers, Pach Brothers, of New York. These photographs are cabinet size, and are exceedingly good portraits of little Miss Cleveland and her popular mother. They will be sent, post paid, on receipt of 25 CENTS EACH.

The money received from the sale of these photographs will be donated by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY to some children's charitable institution in New York City, and such donation might most appropriately be considered in the light of a contribution by her many friends in honor of the "little mistress of the White House."

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"FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY" AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

No other American paper will have more interesting illustrations or more readable articles concerning the World's Fair at Chicago than will be furnished by "FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY." No labor or expense will be spared to make the exposition issues of the "LESLIE" notable, and worthy in every respect of a popular and enterprising American journal. A trial subscription to the "LESLIE" can be obtained three months for one dollar, postpaid, by addressing the publishers.

PERVERSION OF LEGISLATIVE POWER.

ONE of the most serious dangers of the time lies in the wholesale perversion of legislative power. We seem to have fallen upon a period of absolute contempt of the sources of authority on the part of those who exercise the functions of legislation. Legislatures are created for the enactment of laws necessary to the public and individual security, the minimizing of vice and crime, and the adjustment and protection of mutual rights. These laws are supposed to image and epitomize the popular will. But as a rule the power thus bestowed is employed against the people, and for the encouragement of forms of evil which endanger their most sacred interests. We have seen only recently, in New Jersey, the spectacle of the State Legislature enacting laws avowedly in the interest of the criminal classes, legalizing gambling, and suspending penalties which all civilized society recognizes as necessary to hold vice and immorality in check. There was no sort of pretense that this extraordinary legislation was either demanded or justified by public opinion. It was the product of a deliberate and utterly unscrupulous perversion of a power which had been delegated for directly opposite purposes. In Kansas we have seen the Legislature using its legitimate powers for purely partisan ends, and usurping others never conferred upon it—resorting, in fact, to revolution for the establishment of a factional supremacy. In New York every legislative session presents illustrations of the same abuse of the legislative power. The session just dissolved was notable in this regard. There is, indeed, hardly a State in the Union in which this prostitution of authority does not exist. Laws are enacted in deliberate disregard of the popular welfare. Special forms of vice which ravage society are fostered and encouraged, favored interests are invested with monopolistic powers, franchises of immense value are given away as rewards for partisan service. Meanwhile practical subjects of legislation, many of them of urgent importance, are utterly neglected, and individual and public interests, for the want of adequate statutory protection, remain the helpless prey of aggressors against the social order.

What is the remedy for this condition of affairs? Obviously, in the first place, we must have a better class of law-makers. Representatives must be secured who will intelligently and faithfully carry out the popular wishes. But such men cannot be had so long as the people themselves remain indifferent to the plainest obligations of citizenship. It is, therefore, necessary, in the second place, that those citizens—constituting an enormous body—who now abstain from any direct participation in political affairs, should assert their influence at the primary source of action; not feebly and irresolutely, but with earnest decision, and, so far as possible, with concerted purpose. The low intriguing of the slums must be met by an organized antagonism of the cleanly and substantial classes. If right nominations cannot be secured under ordinary party procedure, then good citizens must combine outside of

party lines for the defeat of unworthy candidates. It will occur in some instances and some localities, no doubt, that even such combinations will be outvoted. In such cases educational agencies must be employed for the quickening of the popular conscience and the broadening of the popular intelligence. Speculate as we may, it comes to this: Under a popular government the only sure corrective of legislative and administrative disorders lies in an active, sleepless, and enlightened public opinion. Eternal vigilance is the price not of liberty only, but of purity in the public administration and of every civic privilege. If we would emancipate ourselves from the spoilers and put an end to the wholesale perversion of official authority, we must ourselves strike the blow.

SNEAK-THIEF LEGISLATION.



LIEUT.-GOV. SHEEHAN.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SHEEHAN is a representative of the very worst element in our American politics. All his conceptions of the uses of power are low and venal. The rights of the people in his eyes count for nothing as against party lust and greed. These are to be appeased at any cost and by any means, no matter how foul or desperate. If the thing you want cannot be obtained by orderly and lawful methods, then seize it by force—steal it; that is "Billy" Sheehan's political gospel.

He has recently given a notable illustration of this gospel of piracy and theft in his assault upon home-rule government in Buffalo. The appointment of the police commissioners of that city is vested in the mayor. Sheehan desired to control the police force for his own personal and political purposes. The mayor defied his dictation. Therefore the immaculate Sheehan sneaked through the Legislature a bill stripping the mayor of his power and conferring it upon two other members of the city government—facile tools of the schemer. The change was not asked for; the people were not consulted; there is no pretense anywhere that it was desired. It was just sheer sneak-thief legislation, enacted for a disreputable purpose and in derogation of every interest of good government.

But the outrage did not stop here. The mayor of the city having suspended from office, on proper charges, one of the persons upon whom Sheehan's bill bestowed the appointing power, another act was whipped through both houses after midnight in the last hours of the session, which authorizes the city comptroller, a Sheehan puppet, to appoint police commissioners within ten days—thus still more effectually concentrating in the hands of the arch-conspirator the power he covets.

We are not surprised that the citizens of Buffalo, without regard to party, have been quick to resent this audacious invasion of their rights. They would be unworthy of American citizenship if they had done less. They ought not to be content with mere protests. They should unite on high grounds of public duty and drive Mr. Sheehan and all his gang out of politics. When a man steals a loaf of bread, possibly to save a starving family, we send him to the reformatory or the jail. Why should we not apply the same principle to the man who, like Sheehan, steals the rights of a whole community, and seizes control, for his own selfish use, of a branch of the government upon which the public and individual security largely depend? Certainly the greater offender should not escape with a mere reprimand. Any man, especially any public official, who is capable of perpetrating the outrages in legislation and the infamies in politics of which the Lieutenant-Governor of this State is so frequently guilty is not fit to run at large in a civilized community.

VULGARITY ON EXHIBITION.



THERE has never been in this city a more pitiful display of snobbish vulgarity than was presented the other day at the Martin-Craven wedding. Here was a young girl not yet out of her teens who proposed to wed an English earl whom her parents had captured abroad and brought over in leash lest he should get away. If the contracting parties were content nobody, of course, could object to the marriage. It was a matter for themselves alone to settle. But the parents who had been so fortunate in their foreign quest were not content to have a merely ordinary wedding. They determined to make the event an advertisement of their success in securing "alliance with the nobility." The result was precisely what was to be expected from persons of their class—a display which violated every canon of refinement and good taste. Think of a bridegroom going to the altar with his trousers "rolled up," as the *Herald* declares the Earl of

Craven did. Think of ushers in striped trousers, varnished shoes, Ascot ties, and pink shirts—just such shirts as negro minstrels used to wear! Think of other accessories equally *outré*. Then picture the solemn ceremony enacted in the presence of a howling mob, men and women struggling and scrambling in wild disorder—some even climbing over the pews—in their eagerness to get a sight of the bridal party. All accounts agree that the scene in the church was one of disgraceful disorder, and, as usual in such cases, women were the chief offenders against the proprieties of the occasion and the place—some of them going to the extent of stealing flowers from the altar! A number of the guests actually had their dresses torn from their persons by the mad rush of the invading mob. From first to last the affair was characterized by vulgar pretension and indecent curiosity. It had not about it a single element of good taste.

The incident affords another illustration of the fact that to the average American, whatever may be his professions of democracy, a title presents a peculiar fascination. There is nothing whatever in the young Earl of Craven which should have attracted the attention of "good society." He is simply a young fellow of twenty-four years of age, who looks to be scarcely twenty, without any excess of brains, and who, outside of his title, is a practical nobody. In this country it is doubtful whether he could obtain a thousand-dollar clerkship in any well-regulated business concern. And yet New York society, so-called, has gone wild over him, and there are perhaps some thousands of women who would have accepted him on any terms, as the Bradley-Martins have done for their daughter, who, if the accounts as to her personal worth are correct, deserves a better fate than that which the intriguing parents have brought upon her. It is probably true that we shall always have snobs and bores among us, but it is to be hoped that in this generation at least we shall never witness another such disgraceful spectacle as was presented at this Grace Church wedding.

POPULAR SUFFRAGE IN BELGIUM.



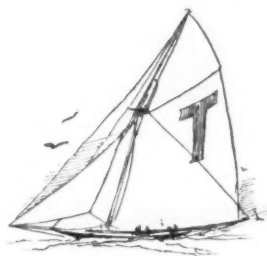
THE passage of an act by the Belgian Chamber of Deputies granting universal suffrage to all citizens above twenty-five years of age affords a striking illustration of the force of an awakened public opinion. Belgium, with a population of over six millions, has only one hundred and fifteen thousand electors entitled to vote in Parliamentary elections. This restriction of the suffrage has produced widespread discontent, and has been the chief cause of the disorders which for years have troubled the country and threatened the security of the government. Thirteen years ago a movement was started for a revision of the constitution on the basis of general manhood suffrage, but while the revision was carried, the proposed enlargement of the electorate was not included among the reforms agreed upon. This defeat of their wishes was a great disappointment to the Liberals, and among the working classes provoked widespread exasperation. In February of the present year, the Liberal societies having initiated a fresh agitation, a referendum was ordered and taken throughout the country. A heavy vote was polled, especially in the labor centres, and, as was anticipated, a large majority was recorded in favor of universal suffrage. The Chamber of Deputies, however, persisted in disregarding the clearly-expressed popular will, and it was this arrogant defiance of their demands, emphasized by the recent rejection, by a vote of 116 to 26, of a motion to enlarge the suffrage, which led to the popular outbreak, with its attendant bloodshed, of a fortnight since.

All accounts agree that this outbreak had in it all the elements of revolution. It was animated by a purpose which no display of bayonets or cannon could subdue. No such exhibition of popular fury has been seen in Europe in this generation. Practically the country was for forty-eight hours in the hands of the revolutionary class. Brussels, the capital, was awed by thousands of desperate men sworn to achieve their ends at whatever hazard. Antwerp was held at the mercy of an angry populace. The representatives of the privileged and propertied class, heretofore indifferent to the popular demands, realized that it would be impossible longer to maintain their position. The logic of events had become irresistible. Menaced by a people in arms, and stricken with panic, the Deputies surrendered, reversing their action of a week before, and passing, by a practically unanimous vote, an act by which the number of voters will be increased to over one million.

Great as the victory thus wrested from the ruling class unquestionably is, it is in a sense only partial. While it confers universal suffrage upon all citizens over twenty-five years of age, it also confers an additional vote upon persons of that age owning real estate of the value of two thousand francs, and upon citizens aged thirty-five years who pay a tax of five francs in amount, and gives another vote to those possessing certain advanced educational

qualifications. The result of this plan will be that nearly all of the present 115,000 privileged electors will have three votes each. This system of plural voting is very naturally objectionable to the socialists, who demand free suffrage pure and simple, and their next campaign will undoubtedly be for such amendment of the present act as will put every voter upon an exact equality in the exercise of the franchise.

INTERNATIONAL SPORT.



It is the only international sporting association in the world is to be peculiar. Love for sport, which is yearly becoming more universal, is producing a power which can no longer be disregarded. We wish to inform belligerent politicians of America and Canada that in the upper lake region

international ties are being reef-knotted in a way that threatens to frustrate all hope of war. We deem it proper to give war-loving or war-talking politicians of both countries full opportunity to stamp this thing out.

The Lake Yacht-racing Association of Lake Ontario has its own aims, and its success is remarkable. Through its efforts the peoples of two countries which are supposed to be in rivalry are being bound together by agreements and confidences created and cemented in the brotherhood of sport. The occasional play-ground of the ubiquitous seal may or may not be a *mare clausum*; the fisheries question may cost a great deal in postage, ambassadors' Pullmans, and champagne; elections may be worked for as much as startling politics may be worth; but at all this the Lake Yacht-racing Association laughs openly. It continues its dinners, suppers, races, humorous speeches and entwined flags, while remaining entirely indifferent to any passing political squalls at Washington, London, or Ottawa.

Enjoying the same racing laws, the same winds, varying luck, and different beverages, the yacht clubs on both sides of this inland sea are composed of people between whom the only perceptible difference is in the science with which they prepare refreshing liquids. It is admitted that Canada possesses the best fluids. But America has the best science. So that any one must necessarily be in a quandary as to which side of the lake to live on.

The arrangement is this: The yacht clubs, both American and English, have, through their delegates, formed into an association in which one set of rules governs its races. The yachts of all the clubs meet at a certain port (which rendezvous is altered every year) and cruise in company to each harbor possessing an association yacht club. At these ports there is at least one day's regatta, followed in the evening by a public ball or other entertainment, provided by the city residents or by the local club.

The association includes about one hundred and fifty yachts. Its officers are elected from both nationalities. In cases where it is difficult to decide as to which of two yachts has won, the foreign competitor always has the best chance. And this is the way the nationality of two countries is being unlearned. When in such case the local committees award the prize to the foreign yacht, they say: "We want no hogism for country's sake on this lake. Subtract 'hog' from 'nationality' and the little you have left is valuable."

Now, regard the necessary effects of this two or three weeks' fraternizing on the careers of war-politicians. Commodore Matt. Cartwright of the Rochester Yacht Club, and president of the association, says: "Several years ago we had one of these war-politicians with us on our international cruise, and I have never believed in any one of them since. I cannot give his name, but the way he recklessly abandoned the cherished principles that lead toward devastation, and the way he didn't know which people he liked best, made me lose all confidence in him as an engine of destruction."

It has lately been reported that the yachtsmen of Lake Erie are organizing another such association. If this be so, and if the other lakes follow suit, there will soon be no possibility of forcing the people on either side of our most important national boundaries to contest with each other in any other way than in yacht-racing. Now, is this right? Should it be allowed? What was all our drilling for? And why did we spend years in learning how to shoot, if the time-honored hostilities of 1776 are to be frittered away in dinners and jokes?

Nay, more than this. It is a fact that if by any chance war broke out, Commodore Mott of Oswego could bear a charmed life in any English town on Lake Ontario; and any man in the American lake cities who pointed a gun at Commodore Boswell of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club would be jumped on by his own people till he needed the foot-ball ambulance. How depressing to every warlike instinct to view a meeting on a battle-field between Commodore Jack Stuart of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club and ex-Commodore Saunders of Rochester. They would simply say, "It is a long time between drinks," and the engagement might wait or go on by itself. The tents of Captains George Evans and Charles

Brown of Toronto would certainly be found filled with American commodores, or *vice versa*. The point we indicate being this—that rank treachery to either country would undoubtedly ensue, and could only be traced by finding out which side had the keg.

A complaint may truthfully be made by some people that the most inflammatory newspaper head-lines have lost their intended effect on the people of the lake region. In Oklahoma, United States, or in Cobakong, Canada, there may still be those who are stirred by lucrative newspaper war talk; but the vast numbers of yachtsmen here referred to deal with this in but one word. They say "Rats!" This may sound vulgar, but its meanings are deep-set with those who have exchanged hospitalities for so many years that all their former efforts in the volunteer life have long since had to them an absurd look.

The kingdom of sport has many mansions, but no national boundaries. It is rapidly extending its empire into two countries, and promises to spoil all chance of a fight, or even of attracting attention with the war-whoop. Young politicians of both countries who have their careers before them, and political parties in want of a policy, should note the fact. If this sort of thing be allowed to continue we will soon have two nations side by side who absolutely refuse to fight, in spite of all that newspapers and politicians may say or do. And what a silent slur this would cast on the most respected old cut-throat traditions!

DISINFECTANTS SHOULD BE APPLIED.

Now that the Legislature has adjourned, it would be a good thing to fumigate the State capitol at Albany, beginning with the executive chamber. Here is a picture, supplied by the *Tribune*, of the closing hours of one branch of that delectable body:

"The scenes in the Assembly chamber before the final adjournment have never before been witnessed. The speaker's room was stocked with refreshments of both a solid and a liquid nature, and before one o'clock the chamber resembled a Tammany Hall convention. The air was black with tobacco smoke, and heavy with the odor of various kinds of liquid stimulants. When a member tried to discuss a bill the 'gang' howled him down, and the speaker took part in drowning his efforts to be heard by vigorously using his gavel. He was literally drunk with power. Members sat on top of their desks, telling stories, cracking jokes, and paying absolutely no attention to legislation, save when the pounding of the speaker's gavel informed them that some one wanted an explanation of a bill. Then they would shout such gentlemanly things as, 'Oh, shut up!' 'Give us a rest!' 'Don't pay any attention to him, Mr. Speaker!' etc. It is to the credit of the Republican members that they took no part in this business, but either remained quietly in their seats or went to the smoking-room, from which they could hear and see all that was going on."

It is not surprising that in this riot and confusion "bills of the most wicked nature" were "absolutely stolen through" the House. And it is this body that the speaker, in his closing address, characterized as "honest and clean," adding, with superb disdain of facts: "No scandal has tainted its reputation, or the good name and fame of any of its members. No good bill failed of passage, and no bad bill failed of defeat."

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The principle of home rule appears to be a good deal stronger in the British House of Commons than in the Legislatures of New York or New Jersey. In both these States the Democracy have sacrificed the principle in every case where its recognition would obstruct the gratification of petty partisan ends, while in the Commons the home-rule measure of Mr. Gladstone passed its second reading by a vote of 347 to 304.

It is somewhat surprising to learn, from a recent census bulletin, that the number of Jews in the United States does not much exceed half a million. Altogether, there are five hundred and thirty-three congregations of Orthodox and Reformed Jews, with 130,496 communicants—the latter, however, representing only heads of families. If these statistics are correct it is obvious that the influence of this element of our population, in financial and commercial affairs, is greatly out of proportion to its numerical strength. It is becoming true here, as it is abroad, that the Jew holds an intimate if not a determining relation to many forms of business and to the movements of capital.

ONE of the last acts of the lower branch of the New York Legislature, now happily adjourned, was to pass a measure legalizing boycotting. Under this bill, had it become a law, every business man in the State would have been exposed to the attacks of "professional" labor leaders who maintain themselves by stimulating strikes and coercing into idleness men who would prefer to work. The supporters of the measure were animated by pure demagoguery, and were all, with five exceptions, members of the Democratic party. It is amazing that persons who claim to have common sense should permit themselves to sanction legislation which is neither demanded nor desired by right-thinking workmen, and the effect of which would be wholly and inevitably disastrous to substantial business interests.

THE spectacle of United States Senators indulging in a vulgar tirade against the Federal courts is not calculated to inspire popular respect for that branch of the national legislature. The actors in this disgraceful scene were Senators Gorman and Voorhees, and the occasion for their

outrageous performance was certain decisions of Federal judges in reference to labor strikes. These judges were denounced as manifesting an indecent eagerness to "construe the law in favor of corporate power and against the labor of the country." The attack upon the judiciary had, of course, a political motive. It was meant to win the applause of "the working classes," who are supposed to be incapable of seeing through the contemptible trick. The walking delegates who make their living out of boycotts and strikes are eminently respectable in comparison with demagogues like Gorman and Voorhees, who use their high positions to foment discontent and encourage anarchy among the more unthinking portion of our industrial population.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND does not seem disposed to follow the example of his predecessor in the matter of judicial appointments. President Harrison not only regarded, in his appointments, the principle of home rule, but carefully refrained from using the courts for partisan purposes. Rightly believing that a partisan judiciary can never command the public confidence, he gave the Democratic party, in filling the places at his disposal, just and proper representation. Mr. Cleveland has so far pursued a directly opposite policy. He has made the new Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia wholly partisan, and, as if to emphasize his contempt of the principle that purely local offices should be filled by appointments from the vicinage, has selected two of the three judges from without, finding one of them in Maryland and another in the wilds of far-off Texas. Even if the persons nominated were conspicuously equipped for the duties assigned them, their selection would be open to criticism on the score of locality. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cleveland will not persist in a policy which can only result in lowering the tone and impairing the influence of the judiciary.

THE annual report of the superintendent of the Banking Department of New York is an important document as demonstrating the utter falsity of the Democratic outcry as to the effect of the McKinley tariff. All through the last campaign it was insisted by the Democracy that this law operated to the prejudice of the working classes, and that its ultimate results would be most disastrous to the country. According to the report in question, however, this class of the community in the most populous State of the Union has been steadily growing in prosperity ever since this act became a law. The report shows the remarkable fact that the deposits in the savings banks of this State, instead of declining, have increased nearly forty-one millions of dollars during the last year, being the greatest increase by over fourteen millions of dollars that has occurred in any year in the history of the State. The total amount now to the credit of depositors is \$629,358,273, and the superintendent of the department rightly remarks that no more positive evidence of the thrift and economy of the million and a half of depositors could be supplied than is embodied in these figures. The truth is that the protective system has contributed, and is still largely contributing, to the general prosperity of the country.

THE MISSING-WORD CONTEST.

THE second word contest closed May 1st at noon, after which hour no more entries were allowed. The result will be announced as soon as all the coupons (a great majority of which were received during the last hours of the contest) have been examined and classified. In the meantime the terms of a third competition are published:

RULES OF LITERARY CONTEST No. 3.

Each person who wishes to try to supply the missing word in the paragraph that is to follow must cut out the "Missing-Word Coupon" on this page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and with name and address and the missing word plainly written in the proper blank spaces, send the same to this office, together with twenty-five cents in postage or currency. The total of the entrance-fees will be divided equally among those who correctly supply the missing word. This coupon will be printed in the paper each week until the close of the contest. The contest closes at noon June 15th, and no coupons can be received after that date and hour.

Our quotation for this contest is taken from the biography of a famous man of letters, and the sentence is part of the paragraph telling about the husband of the sister of the subject of the memoir. She married, says the biographer,

"A Spanish gentleman of liberal politics and much ———"

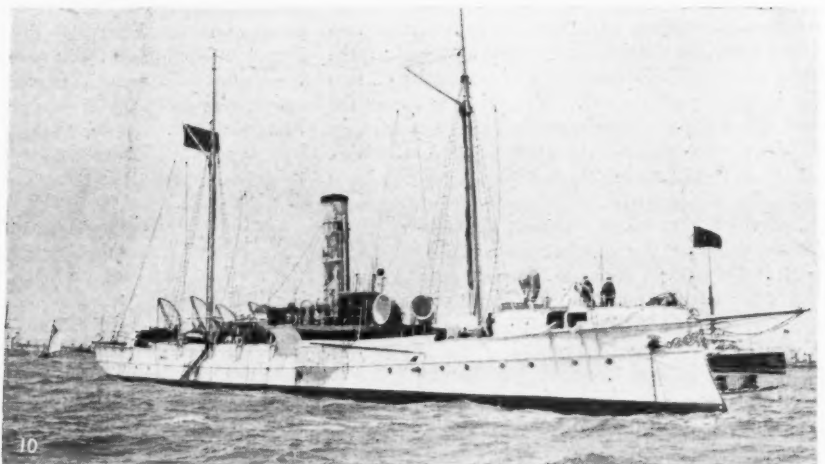
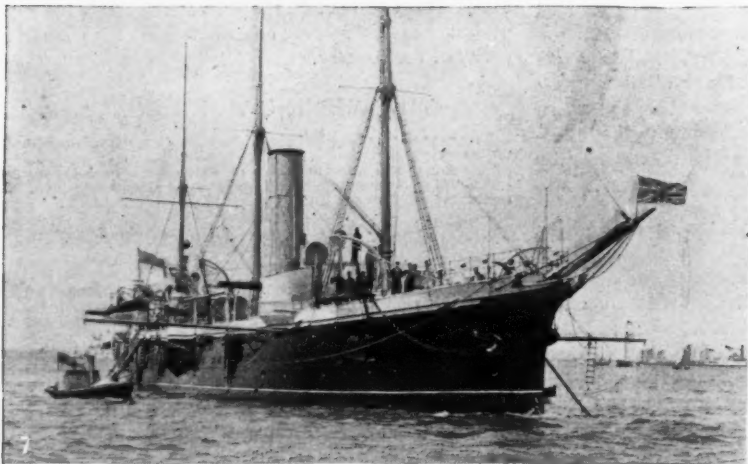
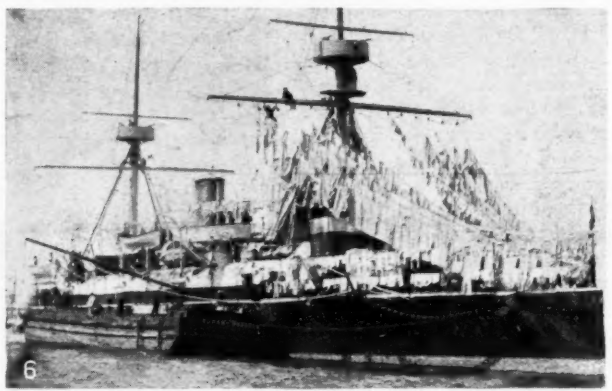
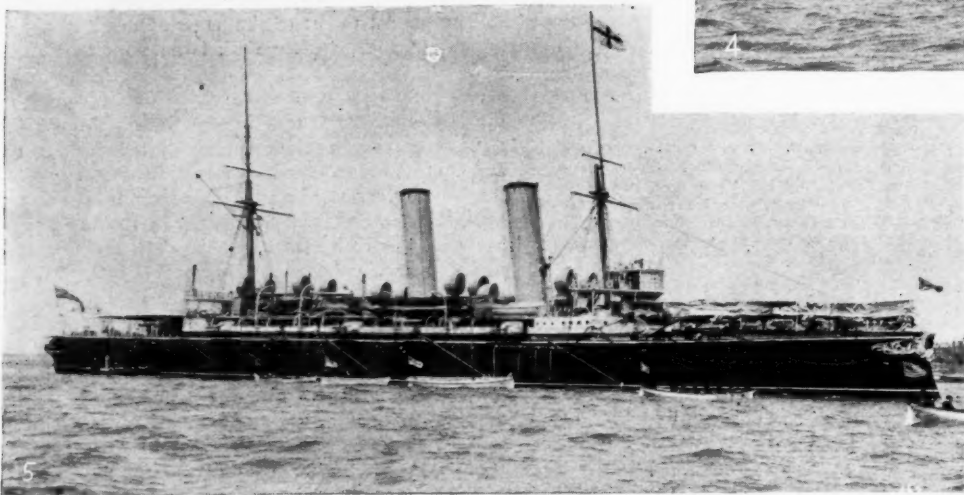
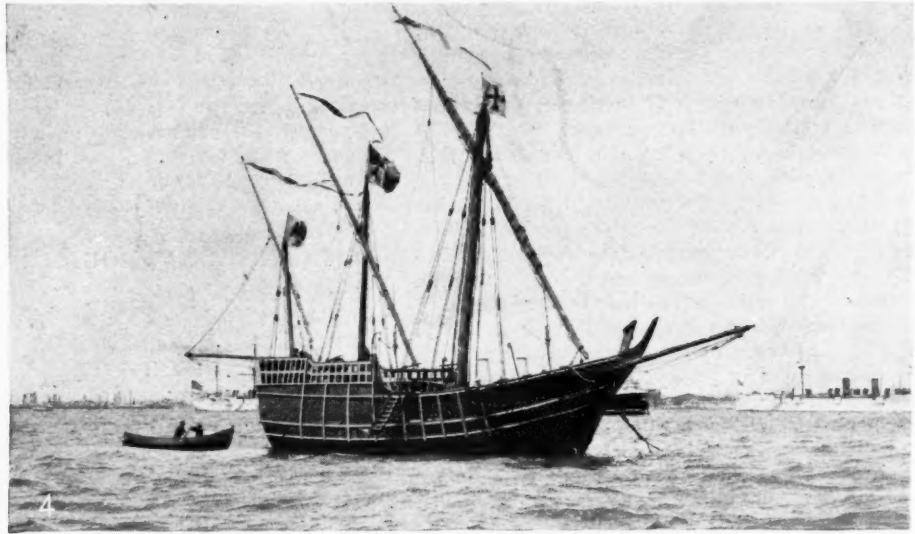
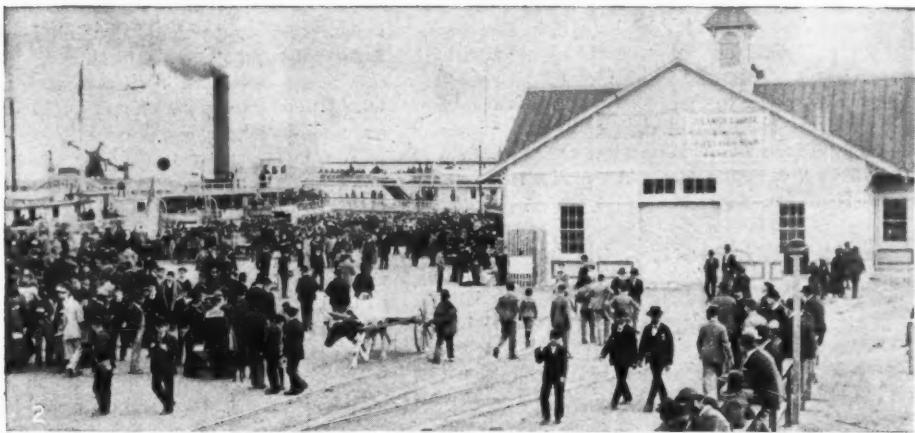
Competitors may make as many attempts as they choose, but each attempt must be made on a coupon taken from this paper and accompanied by the entrance-fee of twenty-five cents. But one correct answer can be credited to the same name.

In addition to their pro-rata share of the total amount of money received, the LESLIE will give the first three persons who not only send in the correct word but also give the name of the author and a correct quotation of the paragraph from which the sentence above is taken, \$25, \$15, and \$10 respectively. To each of the first one hundred persons sending in coupons (whether successful or not), it will give the LESLIE photograph of "Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth."

THE MISSING-WORD COUPON.

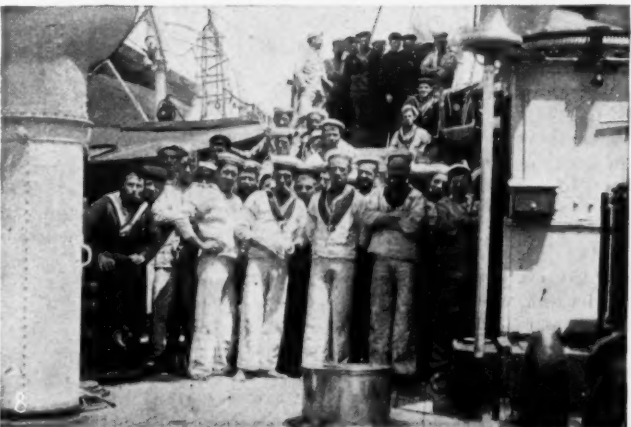
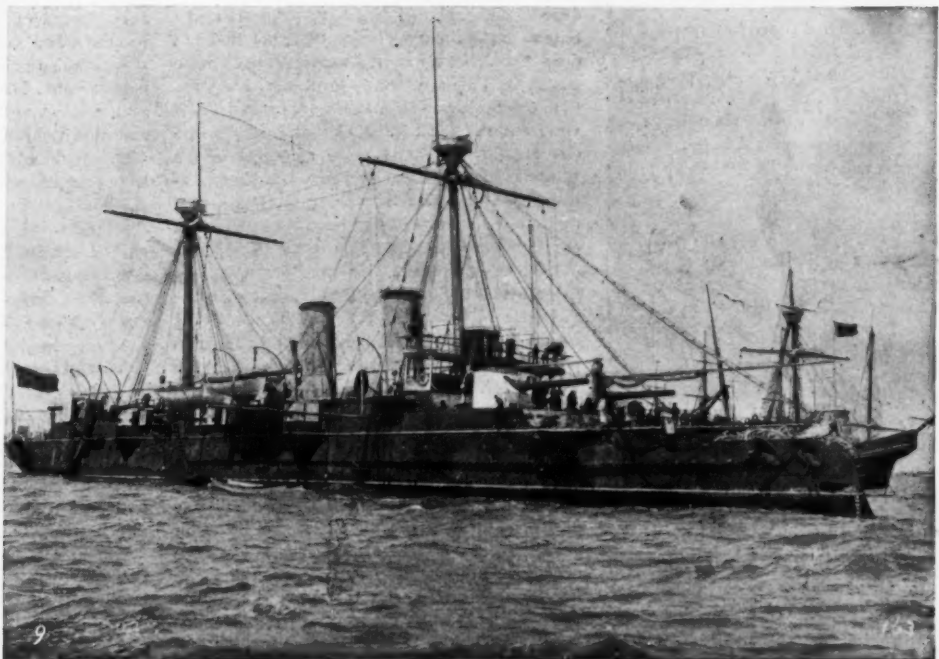
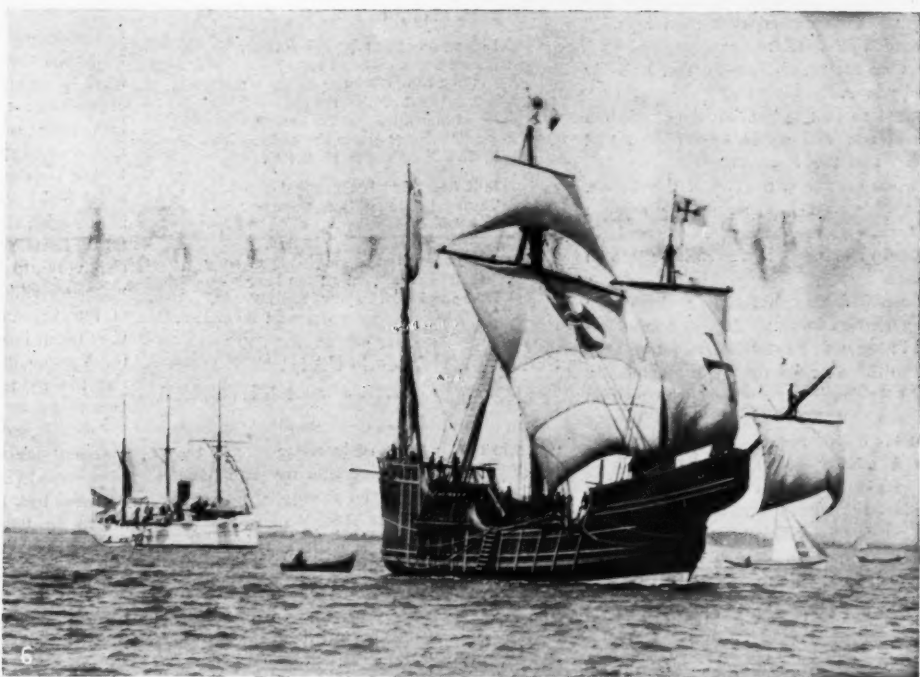
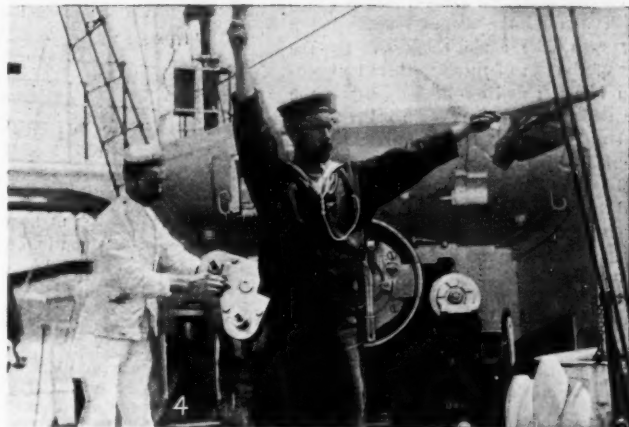
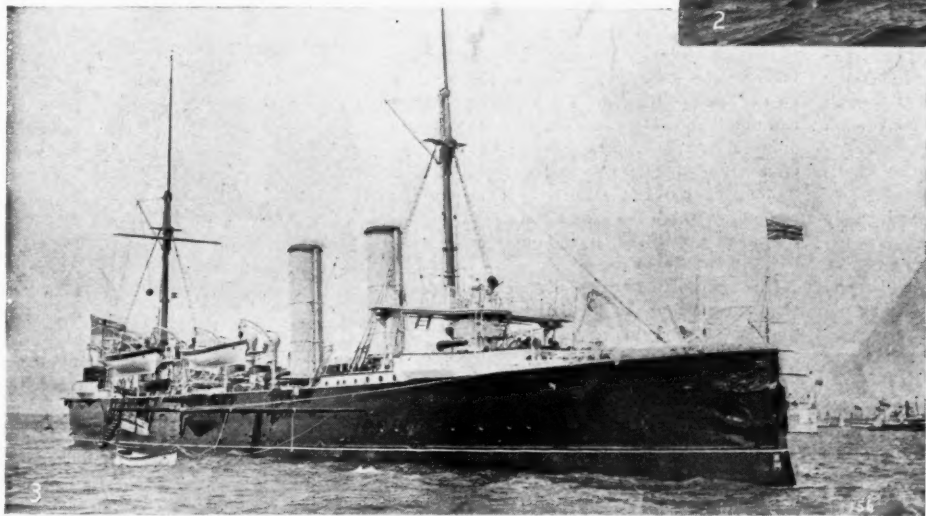
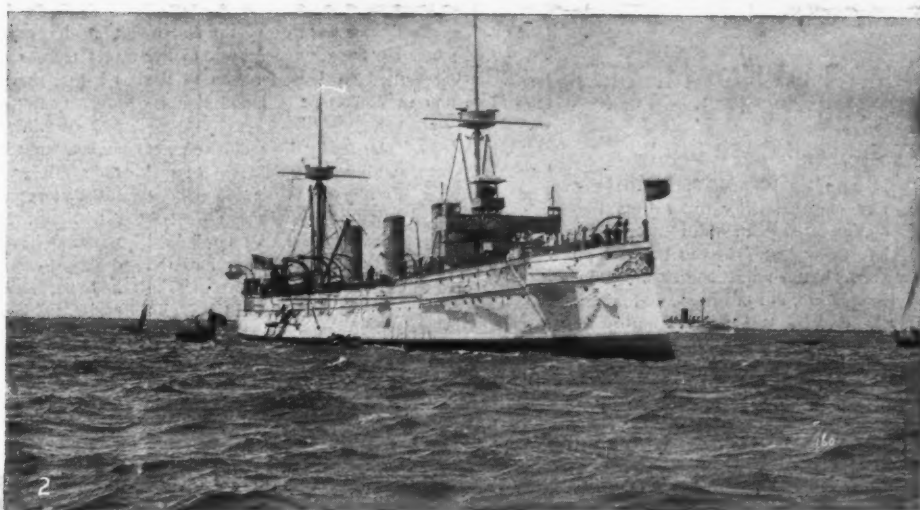
Entrance-fee to the contest, twenty-five cents in currency or stamps. Cut this coupon out, fill up the blanks, and with the entrance-fee post it to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name.....
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Missing word.....
May 4th, 1893.



1. A WINNING CREW. 2. ON THE STEAMBOAT WHARF, OLD POINT COMFORT. 3. GUN-PRACTICE ON A RUSSIAN SHIP. 4. THE CARAVEL "PINTA." 5. THE BRITISH 9,000-TON CRUISER "BLAKE." 6. WASH-DAY ON AN ITALIAN FRIGATE. 7. THE BRITISH WAR-SHIP "TARTAR." 8. H. M. S. "AUSIRALIA." 9. VISITING THE RUSSIAN FLEET. 10. ONE OF THE SPANISH VESSELS.

THE GREAT COLUMBIAN NAVAL PARADE—SCENES DURING THE RENDEZVOUS IN HAMPTON ROADS.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.



1. SERVING OUT GROG ON AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR. 2. THE GERMAN SHIP "KAISERIN AUGUSTA." 3. THE BRITISH WAR-VESSEL "MAGICIENNE." 4. SIGNALING AN ENGLISH MAN-OF-WAR. 5. DANCING ON PROMENADE DECK OF THE "RYNDA." 6. THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA." 7. ON BOARD H. M. S. "TARTAR." 8. ENGLISH SAILORS WATCHING A HORNPIPE. 9. THE ITALIAN CRUISER "ETNA."

THE GREAT COLUMBIAN NAVAL PARADE—SCENES IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.

THE MAN WHO MISSED HIS TRAIN.

BY JEROME CASE BULL.

THE up-town train of the Sixth Avenue elevated drew away from the station at Twenty-third Street and left Drew just grasping the rail of the car-gate, which the guard had slammed in his face. He was hot, out of breath, and out of patience. Besides, he had three minutes to wait—that meant that he would miss his train at the Grand Central, be half an hour late for dinner at Yonkers, be accused of carelessness by the girl he was engaged to, and all the other things that a charge of carelessness from his fiancée meant. Drew was not a profane man generally, but as he looked down the tracks and saw only the rails in the distance he did what a man will do—if he ever does it—he swore. He accused the gateman of all kinds of previousness, and called him all the names—not being a swearing man—he could think of. By the utterance of the last of these epithets he horrified even himself; and as he emphasized the word he realized that there were other people on the platform, and he looked around to note if his words had been heard. He was ashamed of himself for the impatience he had shown.

He had been heard, beyond a doubt. There was a woman just at his side, and as he faced her she blushed a little and looked away.

"Oh, confound it!" he muttered to himself, "that's the gateman's fault, too. She must think I'm a blooming idiot, swearing away to myself."

The woman turned her head; she was very near him.

"I really beg your pardon, madam," he said, lifting his hat.

"Oh, indeed, you needn't at all," she answered. "I have missed that train myself," and she smiled pleasantly.

She was an attractive New-Yorker, stylishly pretty and young.

He wanted to talk to her, but the gentleman in him said no; and so he only bowed and passed on down the platform.

As he came back from the end of the station, where he had been hammering the ash-can with his cane, they passed again. He couldn't very well help looking at her, even if he was an engaged man.

And she smiled, though for all he knew she might be a married woman. Mutual disappointment had in some way established a fellow feeling between them. Still, the smile was plainly enough not fashioned to encourage conversation—it was too real for that. She was simply amused at his impatience.

"She's a mighty sweet little woman," he thought. He loved beauty wherever he saw it, and he loved it most in its natural realm; and, really, he couldn't help looking at her.

She, too, was now walking, and they passed again; and again the smile lingered about her eyes and twitched the corners of her sweet mouth. He noticed that it was sweet.

"She's trying hard not to smile," he thought.

He didn't hammer the ash-can at the end of the platform when he reached it for the third time, and he had ceased to swear. In fact, after he passed her he hurried down to the end of the station, then turned and came back.

He tried not to look at her, and he passed her once without doing so, though he regretted the loss of the look before he had gone a dozen feet and turned about to retrace his steps; but she also had turned, and before he caught up to her the train he was waiting for came in.

He placed himself where he thought he would happen in the same car with her and waited on the upper platform for the cars to stop.

People came hurrying, scrambling, tumbling out of the ticket-office. The ticket-man chopped away like mad on the little red slips they threw into the glass box; and the gateman called out, in his guttural lingo:

"F'tate-street-train!"

Drew was waiting for the passengers to get off. As he turned his head casually he noticed that some of the people waiting on the platform didn't want the Fifty-eighth-street train. He noticed particularly that she didn't. She was evidently going to Harlem.

He hesitated. The crowd was pushing him from behind. He let them push by, and asked in a loud voice of the guard, so that she might hear him:

"Is this a Harlem train?"

"F'tate Street!" shouted the man, contemptuously, in Drew's ear, slamming the gate to and leaving Drew on the platform.

* * * * *

He didn't take a train from the Grand Central

that evening at all. He went up by the Northern. And when his fiancée drove back to her home, having waited an hour for him at the Central station in Yonkers, she found that he was there before her.

"Why, John," she said, "how did you get here? I've been waiting a dozen hours for you." And she was really impatient to think that he had disappointed her.

"Oh, that's too bad," he said, as he helped her from the carriage and took her into the library, where there were heavy portières. "I'm awfully sorry, dearest; I came up on the L and took the Northern, for a change. Quite a road, that Northern."

But the following evening he went out on the Central as usual. And, as usual, his fiancée met him at the station—they were to be married in a month. As they drove home she said to him:

"Oh, John, a dear friend of mine was here to-day, and she recognized your picture; said she saw you on the platform of the L yesterday—you gave her your seat in the car, or something of that kind; and she said that if I weren't going to marry you she would fall in love with you herself."

"For heaven's sake!" thought Drew, "what's coming?"

"Said you were so gentlemanly and manly and sweet," went on his fiancée; "you dear fellow, it's so nice to have all my friends love you, too. But what an odd coincidence it was that you should have taken last night to come up by the Northern—and that you two should have met."

And Drew smiled and answered: "It was rather funny, wasn't it?"

A LAGGARD SPRING.

Is there not some hint to-day
Of the poignant joy of May?
Some soft swelling of the bud,
Some pulsation of the flood
That the topmost boughs will know
When no arrow of the snow
Darts adown the azure way?
Rings there not removed, remote,
An elusive wild-wood note?
(Just the presence of the wren
That will glorify the glen—
Prenunciation of the thrush
That will pierce the evening hush!)
Lyric lilt of one clear throat?

Is it fancy that has wrought
These Aladdin-spells of thought?
Brightened bitter days and brief,
Miracled the bough to leaf,
Loosed the soaring wing of song
Winter-fettered all too long?
Love the laggard spring has brought.
CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SOME WORLD'S FAIR

SKETCHES.

THE illustrations of the Columbian Exposition given in our present issue relate mainly to the era of preparation. Hereafter we shall have to tell about what has been accomplished, and not merely show things in process of construction. To be sure the fair, now formally opened, is not entirely finished, nor are all the exhibits in place, but it is as nearly finished as a great fair ever was at the opening of its gates. And when the public sees what has been done in the two years or more of preparation it will be amazed at the stupendous performance, and will wonder at the unwisdom of the managers who, after having done so much, should ever have stopped at any time to explain and apologize that they had not done more. Of course the managers have made mistakes; they see that more plainly, probably, than their critics—for a really able man is a severer critic of his own work than anybody else can possibly be. And these managers of the World's Fair, with two or three notable exceptions, are men of first-class ability; so able indeed that the weak among them have been lost sight of and the mistakes forgotten in the triumphs.

The large picture in this number shows the Liberal Arts building, the Government and the Fisheries buildings, with the electric launches on the lagoons. This Liberal Arts building is probably the largest building ever erected in the world. Mr. George B. Post, of New York, designed the general structure, and, as a general thing, gets credit for the success of the whole work. This probably is more praise than Mr. Post really desires, for he knows, better probably than anybody else, that without the assistance of a very accomplished engineer he never could have put a roof over this big house. Indeed, as Mr. Post originally designed the building, there was to be no roof over the central portion. This was to have been an open courtyard. Very soon, however, it was discovered that without the space in this courtyard the room for the exhibits of this section would be entirely inadequate, and so it was decided that the courtyard should be roofed over and thrown in with the building. There may be an architect in America who is also so skillful an engineer

that he could have designed the immense roof trusses over this courtyard, but I doubt whether there is such a person. Indeed, there are very few engineers who could have done it, and certainly no other engineer has ever designed large iron trusses which at once served their primary useful purpose and were entirely satisfactory at the same time to the artist's eye. Mr. Frank Millett was recently quoted by a writer as having said that Mr. Shankland, who designed this roof, was the first engineer who had ever made iron-work artistic. That is high praise, indeed, but those who visit Chicago this summer and see this immense roof will be inclined to agree with Mr. Millett entirely.

The other two buildings seen in this general view run a race with each other for pre-eminence in ugliness. After carefully looking all over the buildings on the grounds, a conscientious and instructed critic would find himself considerably bothered as to whether to award the palm of hideous inappropriateness to the Government building, the Fisheries building, or the building for the State of Illinois. The Fisheries building and the Illinois State building were the results of mistaken knowledge and taste; but the Government building is ugly and hideous because until after the last session of Congress the method by which the government got its architecture was such that it could only by accident result in anything else.

It is really a pity that the Japanese artisans and joiners cannot be kept at work all during the fair. During the long winter, when a journey to Jackson Park was far from pleasant, there was always a crowd on the island where the Japanese buildings were being put up. These carpenters had methods of their own so different from those employed in the Western world that they were always a source of wonderment, and their neatness and carefulness is most admirable. When an American carpenter wishes to put up a scaffolding for temporary use, he nails boards to scantlings and scantlings to boards, making a rough job, neither well to look upon nor safe to use. Besides, the lumber used is practically destroyed. But the thrifty Japanese know a better trick than this. They lash their scaffolding together with cords so that none of the lumber is injured, and the scaffolding is as strong as need be. The ordinary sailor could not, to save his life, lash timber together with the skill of these Japanese carpenters. Besides their skill, there was something else very attractive to visitors. This was the uniform civility of these Orientals from the land of the chrysanthemum. They must have been very much interfered with by visitors moved by the Yankee desire to know what is going on, but the natural courtesy of these active little men was always proof against every temptation to be impatient.

One of the great problems which may have been solved but which has not yet been put to a practical test, is as to how the crowds of visitors are to be taken to the fair and home again. During the construction of the fair there were probably from five to ten thousand people who went to Jackson Park every morning and returned every afternoon. This number was entirely beyond the ordinary facilities of transportation, and in the steam-cars and horse-cars men were packed in a way which even in New York would be considered cruel and unjustifiable. In one of the pictures of this number will be seen a horse-car filled inside and outside with the workmen going home. Now the same thing happens on a hundred cars in the morning and a hundred more in the afternoon, and it is almost as bad in the cars of the Illinois Central Railway, which might, if it had chosen to do so, have provided ample facilities, so that workmen, exhibitors, and others having business at Jackson Park could have gone there and returned with some kind of comfort. It is said in Chicago, and I fancy with some degree of truth, that the Illinois Central Railway always does exactly what is in opposition to the interests of the general public. If this be so, it is a little wonderful that the people have stood it as long as they have. Certainly the policy of this railway, in the matter of transportation to the World's Fair, has been to do everything it possibly could to injure the success of this great national undertaking. In this matter of transportation, the company has not been permitted, however, to have its own way entirely, for there will be an elevated road to the fair grounds, two or three cable lines, and a fleet of boats, so there is hope that, except upon extraordinary occasions, there will be some comfort in making the journey.

It is interesting to know that the management wisely decided, in giving out the peanut concession, that all nuts sold on the grounds must be shelled before they were sold. This was in the interest of orderliness, clean floors, and uncluttered road-ways. In this matter the management

has taken another wise step. There are placed at various parts of the grounds receptacles for waste paper, and the rule has been made that any one throwing papers upon the ground or the floors of the buildings shall be subject to a fine of twenty-five dollars. This is admirable, and it is to be hoped that the rule will be strictly enforced. We may be reasonably sure of this if the enforcement of the rule depends upon the Columbian Guards, a body of young men of great intelligence and highly disciplined by an officer of the army.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

RECENT EXECUTIVE

APPOINTMENTS.

WE give herewith a portrait of Mr. James H. Eckels, of Illinois, recently appointed to be Comptroller of the Currency. Mr. Eckels's confirmation was



JAMES H. ECKELS.

stoutly opposed for a time, on the ground that he had never had any experience in banking or financial affairs. Mr. Eckels was not a candidate for the place, and the

statement as to his want of financial training was not denied by his friends, but being a lawyer of ability, confidence is felt that he will discharge the duties of his office acceptably. He is about thirty-five years of age.

John M. Reynolds, of Bedford, Pennsylvania, recently appointed Assistant Secretary of the Interior, is of Irish descent, and was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, March 5th, 1848. His early education was received in the common country schools, and in 1867 he graduated from the Pennsylvania State Normal School at Millersville. Soon after he was appointed principal of the public schools at Bedford, in which capacity he served for two years, ranking high among the common-school educators of the country. In 1870 he was admitted to the Bar of Bedford County, where he has since resided, and where, by industry, high integrity, and strict attention to professional business, he has made for himself a distinguished reputation. In addition to his law practice he is also engaged in the banking business at Bedford. From 1872 to 1880 Mr. Reynolds was one of the editors and proprietors of the Bedford Gazette. At the age of twenty-four he was elected to the State Legislature, and served during two sessions. In 1875 he was elected district attorney of his county, and after serving three years declined a renomination. In politics Mr. Reynolds has always been an active and enthusiastic Democrat. He has been on several occasions the nominee of his party for honorable positions. He is a warm personal friend of Governor Pattison, and in 1891 was by him appointed a member of the commission to select a site and erect an asylum for the chronic insane of the State. During his entire life Mr. Reynolds has been an active and enthusiastic supporter of the common-school system of his State.



HON. J. M. REYNOLDS.

WALL STREET QUESTIONS.—II.

THE EFFECT OF CAPITALISTIC COMBINATIONS ON PRICES AND COMPETITION.

A GREAT many combinations have been effected during the last ten years among the various classes of manufacturers in this country, and also to a considerable extent among the owners and conductors of commercial undertakings. We have been afforded the novel spectacle of progressive and enterprising dealers in all the diverse fields of industrial production abandoning the fierce competition that had marked their business lives, and the lives of their immediate predecessors for generations, and entering into amicable agreements and friendly amalgamations. Exclusive and valuable ideas pertaining to manufacture and production have been exchanged, capital has been combined, and commercial activity has been concentrated. Information concerning these achievements has been conveyed to the public from time to time, accompanied by some casual comment, and the

news has been dismissed with the other news of the day.

Within the last year, however, these combinations seem to have attained enormous importance as subjects for analysis and discussion. Politicians at Albany and Washington, and the social philosophers of Avenue A, and the special writers who have formulated social and political theories, or who have borrowed such theories already formulated from the advanced literature of the time, have discovered an alarming and dangerous significance in these business movements, and have sounded what they describe as a note of warning to the workingmen of the country. These voices in the wilderness unite in crying out that the extinguishment of competition means the establishment of higher prices all around, and that the limiting of production, which is the first result of an understanding among manufacturers, and the adjustment of the supply to the actual demands of the market, cuts down the necessity for labor, and leads directly to the discharge of employes by the hundred and by the thousand, and the demoralization of the labor market.

The first of these statements was considered in a previous article. The general charge that combinations among manufacturers were effected for the purpose of establishing monopolies, and that these monopolies enabled the men by whom they were established to hoist the prices of ordinary commodities to the public, and to maintain those prices on a higher level than during the time when individual manufacturers were in possession of the field, was shown not to be sustained by the facts in the case. The combination of American sugar-refiners, under the general title of the American Sugar Refining Company, and known more generally as the Sugar Trust, was the case taken in illustration. The Sugar company comes more nearly to the popular idea of monopoly than any other combination in this country. The American Sugar Refining Company controls nearly all the refining plants between the two oceans, with the exception of one in Boston, one in Brooklyn, and one or two in San Francisco. There are one million eight hundred thousand tons of raw sugar melted here every year, and with the exception of two hundred thousand tons this is all melted in the refineries of the so-called Sugar

nations formed have enabled the manufacturers to inaugurate economies that were not possible during times of commercial war, and to regulate production with the least possible attendant waste.

And this brings us directly to the allegation that the establishment of agreements among manufacturers and the limiting of manufacturers' outputs, with the closing up of useless plants, has thrown hundreds of skilled and unskilled workmen out of employment, and that the economies accomplished therefore were nothing more nor less than saving the wages of unnecessary working people.

This all sounds plausible, but here again the statements are not borne out by the facts. It is assumed that the competition between individual manufacturers, which is now rapidly passing away, with its cut-throat methods, its constant over-production, and its extravagant waste, constituted a condition entirely favorable to the workingmen. It is admitted that the manufacturer frequently suffered, but it is contended that the workingmen received their wages all the same, and that, therefore, they were benefited by this commercial warfare. Those who are acquainted with the history of labor in this country, however, know that nothing warrants this assumption. The interests of the employer and the employe are bound up together. Periods of excessive commercial competition have invariably been followed by periods of commercial distress, by the shutting down of mills and manufactories because of the inability of their owners to keep them running, and such suspensions mean disaster and impoverishment to employers and employes alike.

One of the undisputed results of combination has been to improve this unfortunate state of affairs. The understanding among manufacturers has enabled them to observe a more settled relation between the manufactured supply and the ordinary demands of the market, and has put them, therefore, in a position to plan not only the immediate, but the remote future. In planning the future for themselves, necessarily they plan the future for their employes, and under the new conditions which have been established recently, it is obvious that a workman can count more surely on his work and arrange with more confidence for the days to come than he has ever done before. And this confidence is the very basis of human progress and civilization.

H. S. H.

THE VISITING GERMAN BANDS.

THE recent appearance at the Madison Square Garden, in this city, of the two imperial German military bands that are to play during the continuance of the fair at Chicago was an event of great interest in musical circles. The military band is the popular idea of instrumental music. The orchestra appeals to the musician and the dilettante, whereas a military band, with its pomp and pride of place, is a popular idol, and long has been the world over. No German military band has been in this country since the Centennial, and there is no doubt that the showy and foreign uniforms, apart from their admirable ensemble playing, will make these bands quite an attractive institution at the fair. The proceeds of their concerts, after deducting all necessary expenses, are to

be devoted to charitable purposes, which should be an additional incentive to our people to patronize them enthusiastically.

THE NATION'S GUESTS.

It was a felicitous suggestion that the nation should invite the presence, as its special guest during the Columbian festivities, of the only surviving lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus. The Duke of Veragua, who is the head of the family which was founded by the discoverer, and who holds the hereditary title, conferred upon Columbus, of Admiral of the Indies, is in every respect worthy of the marked distinction thus bestowed upon him. He is a man of affairs—having been in public life since 1870—clever, and withal unassuming; a gentleman

of the best and courtliest Spanish type. All who have come in contact with him have been most favorably impressed by his genuineness of character and his engaging manners. His re-



THE DUKE OF VERAGUA.

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ception and that of his party, which includes his wife, the Duchess of Veragua; his two sons, Christobal Colon Aquilera and Carlos Aquilera; his daughter, Maria del Pilar Colon y Aquilera; his brother, Marquis Barboles; and his nephew, Pedro Colon y Cerda, son of the Marquis Bar-



DONNA MARIA DEL PILAR.

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boles, has been deservedly cordial; his sojourn in this city having been marked by a series of balls, receptions, and other social and public functions of more than ordinary brilliancy. The reception tendered the distinguished visitors at the Waldorf by the Chamber of Commerce, the New York Historical Society, and the American Geographical Society, was especially notable, because of the presence of the most prominent people in the social and official life of the metropolis and its vicinity. In his tour to Washington, where he was received by the President with befitting honors, and thence to Chicago, he was attended by Commander Francis W. Dickens, of the United States Navy, who has been detailed as his escort by the government during his stay in the country.

"This visit," to quote the language of the resolutions of welcome adopted by the New York Common Council, "of the descendant of the great navigator four hundred years after the discovery which opened a new hemisphere to civilization, to science, and to commerce, is an event unique in the world's history," and the country honors itself and pays worthy tribute to the memory of his illustrious ancestor in extending to the distinguished guest the largest and most gracious hospitality.

OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

AMONG our foreign pictures we give two from the *Illustrated London News* illustrating the great Ulster demonstration at Belfast in opposition to home rule, to which we referred

in a previous issue. We give also a picture from the *London Graphic* showing the Crown Prince of Germany in the pomp and glory of a soldier in command of the First Regiment of Prussian Foot Guards. This is one of the most famous regiments in Germany, and is the corps in which most of the German princes hold commissions. The men still wear the old-fashioned Swedish helmet, which is known as the *Blechmütze*. The German crown prince is one of the lieutenants.

Famine, starvation, and despair have invaded Algeria, and the scenes of misery which are so familiar in harsher climates and less fertile countries are here enacted in the midst of fair green fields and beneath a sky pitilessly blue, in mockery, it would seem, of the suffering beneath its dome. In years when rain is sufficient the harvests are sure and plentiful, but for several seasons great droughts have prevailed, and day after day of clear sunshine, week after week of dry and radiant weather have brought in their train starvation to a land of plenty. Relief parties are now doing all in their power to mitigate suffering, but the people are reduced to the lowest possible physical condition, are skeletons, the skin literally adhering to their bones, and in rags, if clad at all. Our illustration, from an official photograph taken at the hospital, represents one of the victims found dying and revived with difficulty, and is but representative of the condition of a people dying by scores and almost savage in their misery.

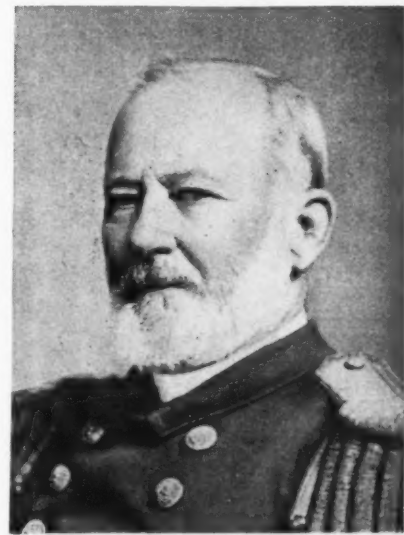
For the first time complete locomotives have been freighted on board ship, and will cross the ocean without being dismembered. This novel shipment occurred recently at Bordeaux, France, at the instance of several large railroads wishing to exhibit at the World's Fair types of locomotives used on their lines. These stupendous weights were raised by specially-prepared machinery, and in less than three hours a single burden ten metres long, and weighing 52,000 kilograms, was placed in position on board the *Panama*. This remarkable feat of engineering reflects great honor upon French enterprise.

FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

REAR-ADMIRAL BANCROFT

GHERARDI.

A FACE of uncommon force, the outward evidence of a character of great strength, tenacity, and solidity. The eyebrows, low-set and somewhat drawn, speak of concentration, and accentuate the will-power expressed by the firm-set lips and decided chin. His will is equally strong for action or resistance, and individuality of no ordinary degree is a dominant characteristic of his face. Mentally he is stable and practical, is not rapid, brilliant, or nervously intense; but is reflective, inquiring, deliberate, and always reliable. This by the general con-



REAR-ADMIRAL BANCROFT GHERARDI.

tour of his head. Courage deep and dignified, with a touch of relentlessness, may be seen in the steely glitter of his eye, and a spirit so watchful, so intent, so well on guard that to surprise would be difficult, and to discountenance impossible. These are qualities which have easily placed Admiral Gherardi in a position of command; a life exacting in its demands and of necessity dominant over others has intensified his strength, and has left him for his greatest weakness a degree of obstinacy which is easily understood as the outcome of a lifetime of command.

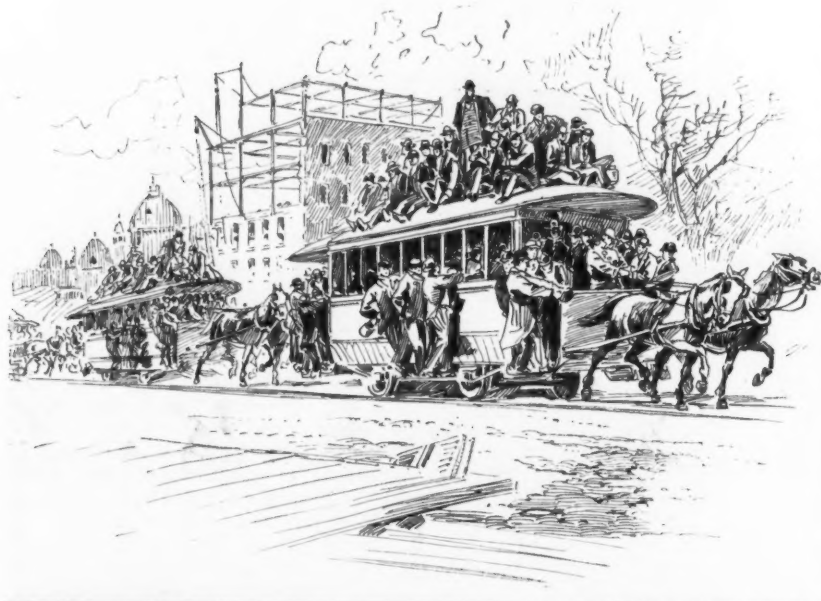


BUGLERS OF THE GERMAN IMPERIAL BAND.

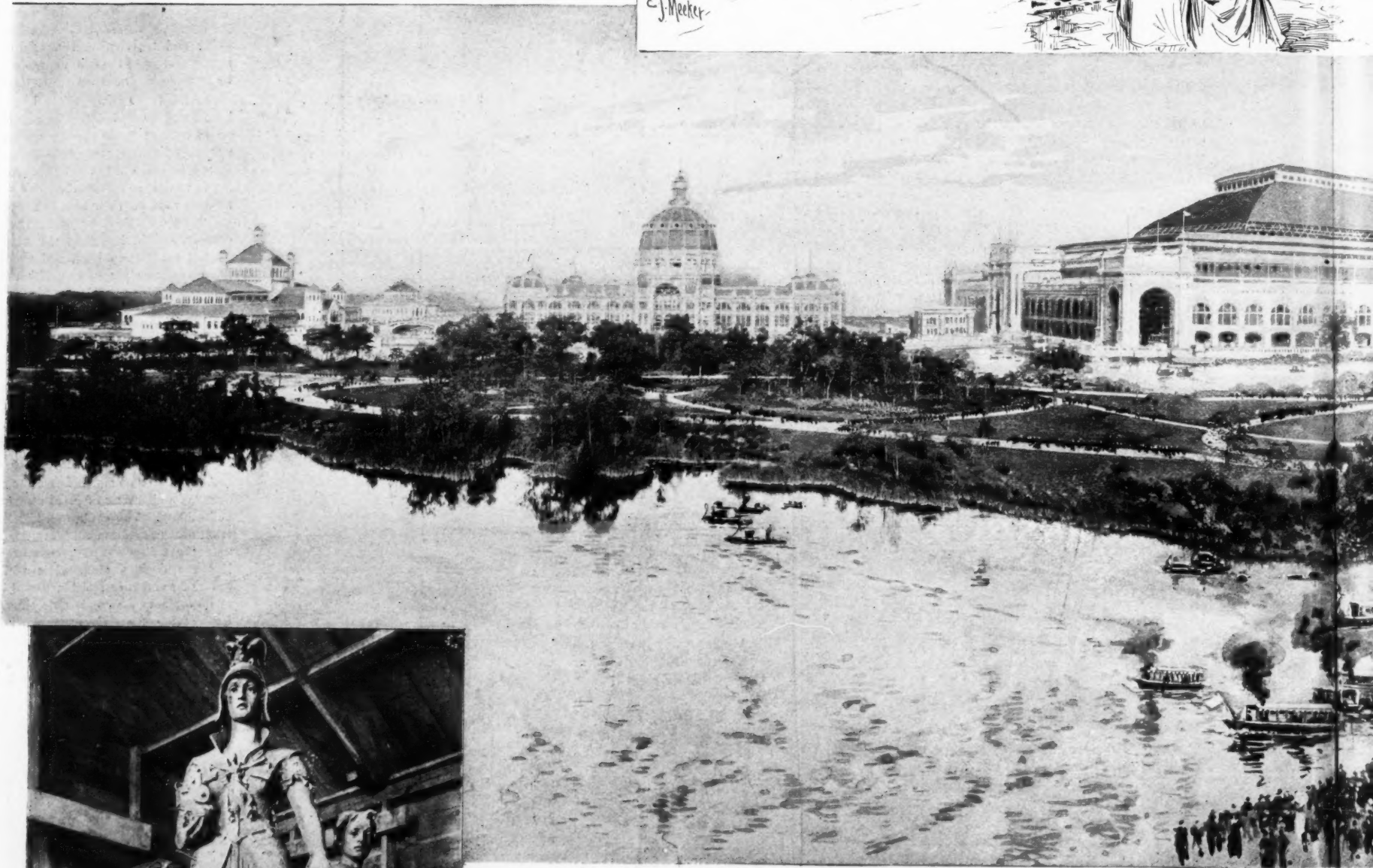
Trust. Notwithstanding these conditions it is pointed out that the price of sugar is to-day lower than it was ten years ago, and the tendency has constantly been toward cheaper sugar.

If the other combinations were taken, one by one, and the history of prices examined for a period of time extending back several years, a similar state of affairs in each case would be disclosed, and possibly more so. What may justly be regarded as the evils of competition have been moderated to some extent in each case, but there is plenty of healthy competition left, and it influences prices as far as the public can legitimately demand or expect. In other words, the effect of these combinations with respect to prices has not been so great as to deserve any extended reference. The effect reached that is worthy of mention consists in this: The combi-

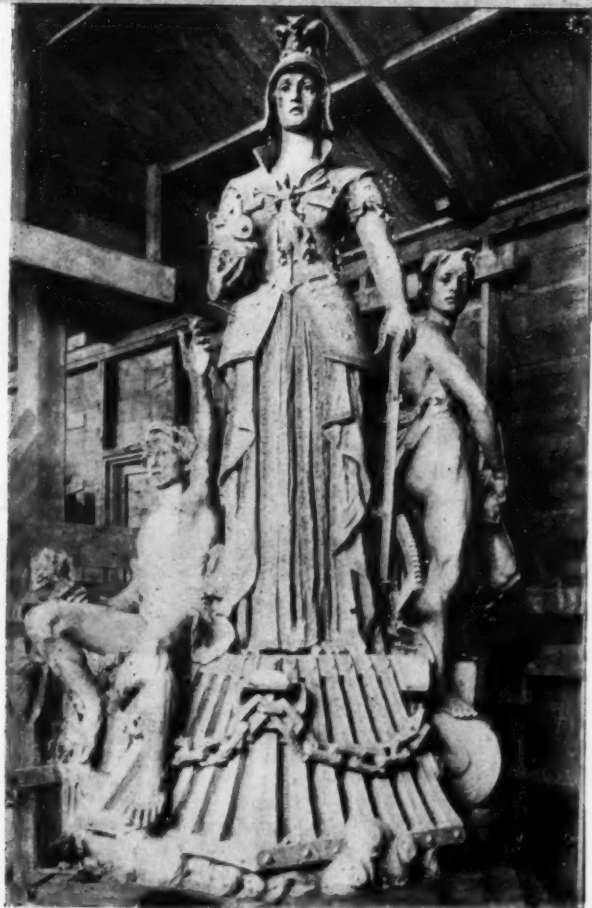
WORKMEN RETURNING HOME FROM THE GROUNDS.



WORK OF PREPARATION ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.



COMPREHENSIVE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.



STATUARY FOR THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



EGYPTIAN DECORATORS AT WORK.



GERMANS UNPACKING ART EXHIBIT.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

SCENES IN AND AROUND JACKSON PARK.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. D.

ONE OF THE COLUMNS FACING THE LAGOON.



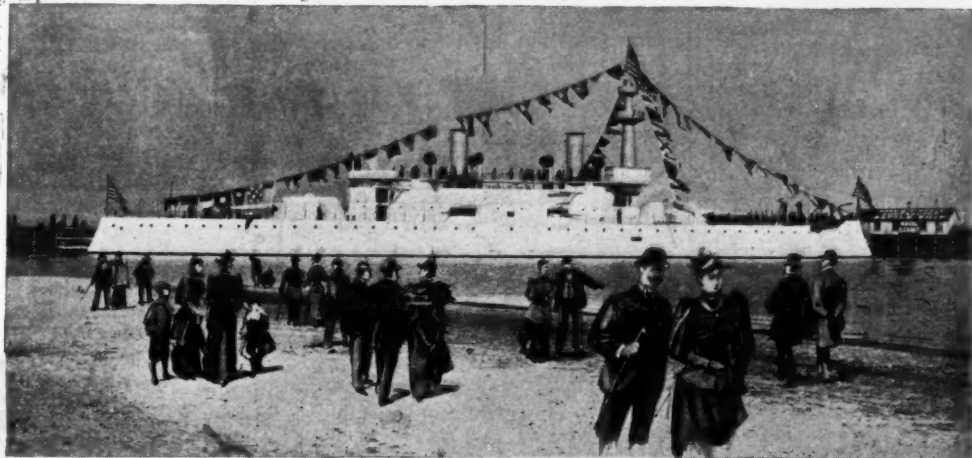
ON THE LAGOON.



FIRST VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "ILLINOIS."



ART EXHIBITION AT CHICAGO.

JAPANESE WORKMEN CONSTRUCTING THEIR BUILDING.

WASTE-PAPER RECEPTACLE.



POSY-HUNTING.

I GATHERED posies in the spring
Down in the shady valley,
Where little sunbeams skipped and danced,
And tumbled dilly-dally.
And there they were by twos and tens,
All in the nooks and shades,
Tucked underneath their broad green hats,
The modest violet-ladies.
And dandelions bright as gold,
And daisies yellow-hearted,
And tinkling blue-bells everywhere
The laughing grasses parted.
And wild Columbine, very fine
In her new Easter bonnet;
All pink and white and green and gold
The ribbons were upon it.
Jack-in-the-pulpit, standing up,
Preached to the little sinners,
Who bobbed their heads and fidgeted
And wished they had their dinners.
And one by one I nipped them up,
They were so fresh and pretty,
To leave a single blossom there
It really seemed a pity.
When lo! right in the thickest bed
I came upon a flower,
The very sweetest of them all,
Worth hunting for an hour!
Its eyes were violets; its cheeks
Were full-blown pink wild roses;
Its lips were two ripe strawberries;
Its chin and brow were posies
All white and fair and satiny;
Its hair was tangled sunshine,
And all about its little feet
Were fields of wild columbine.
It had a dainty apron on,
Near by a white sun-bonnet;
It held a violet in its hand
And shyly gazed upon it.
While off a bit a lady sat
Absorbed deep in a book,
Till I cried out, "Oh, dear! I've found
The queen of posies! Look!
Pray may I pluck this pretty flower
You seem quite to forget?"
"Why, no, indeed, my friend!" said she.
"That is my Violet!" BELLE HUNT.

FALLING IN LOVE WITH A TIGER.

BY HARRY W. FRENCH.

I FELL in love with a tiger and the tiger fell in love with me. It was not in a menagerie or zoological garden, by any means, nor with a spotted beauty behind iron bars. It was not with a baby tiger or a make-believe tiger, or a tiger on the ground while I was well up in a tree. It was with an out-and-out tiger, a fine, large tiger, and as handsome a tiger as ever wore stripes that could not be changed. In short, it was a royal Bengal tiger, right in her jungle lair.

I was not very old, either in life at large or life in India, when ordered to report at a distant point and informed that a detachment of troops, bound for the same destination, would cross the broad belt of jungle above the *terai* upon a certain day, passing within ten miles of the place where I was then stationed.

It was a rare opportunity to see some of the wildest country in India, and, sending my servants and luggage by a longer and more traveled road, I mounted my horse at daylight upon the appointed day and rode out into the jungle alone to join the detachment.

All day I wandered about between the points where I had been told that the soldiers would pass, and not till almost night did the conviction force itself upon me that they must have been delayed and that I was destined to stay where I was over night.

It was the last contingency for which I had made any preparation. I had never exploited in an Indian jungle, but recalling boyhood tales of beds upon the branches of trees "to escape the

fury of the fierce denizens of the forest," I selected an appropriate place, unsaddled my horse and tethered him, climbed a tree and attempted to make myself comfortable, but with sorry results.

It is astonishing how quickly discomfort will dispel the apprehension of danger. Before it had been dark an hour I began to consider the chances of meeting no matter what as more agreeable than the bed I had selected.

A heavy dew was forming. I was cold and wet besides being decidedly tired and sleepy, and recalled with many longings a cave which I had noticed not far away. With my saddle for a pillow and my blanket for a mat upon the smooth, dry floor, which was visible just inside the mouth, I should be almost as well off as in a native bungalow.

For an hour more I clung to the uncomfortable branch and thought of the tempting cave. Then I grew desperate. There were no such yelps and howls as I had read of, "making night hideous." That Indian jungle was almost as silent as a forest at home. I came to the conclusion that the stories I had read were all nonsense, and dropping from the branch, I picked up my saddle, made my way to the cave, arranged the pillow and mat, threw myself down, and in no time was sound asleep.

Two or three times in the night I woke enough to change my position and fall asleep again, but when the mouth of the cave showed a faint gray light, suggesting the approach of morning, I woke suddenly, all over, from some sort of a dream, and found myself in a most uncomfortable state of apprehension. In vain I tried to convince myself that it was all the effect of the dream. I pinched myself and turned and twisted the saddle, but all to no purpose. Something or other had given me such a thorough fright that further sleep was impossible. Worse yet, it was still frightening me. I could not imagine what it was or convince myself that it was anything at all, yet I felt my courage steadily ebbing and cold shivers creeping up and down my back, in spite of every energy of will I could exert.

I could easily have seen if there had been anything between me and the entrance, and as for whatever there might be beyond me, it was certainly as still as death down there.

Hark! Was it as still as death? What was that? I remembered to have heard it for some time—ever since I awoke—and wondered why I had not thought of it. It was a deep, soft rumble, for all the world like the purring of a gigantic cat. A startling regularity about it first attracted my attention, and with a decided chill came the conviction that something capable of making that noise was down in the darkness beyond me.

By that time my imagination was thoroughly aroused and my nerves so completely under its control that I was in excellent state to collapse, and indeed I did collapse, a moment later, when my eyes sought that blackness and suddenly rested upon two great yellow balls of glowing light down in the pitchy depths of the cave.

Heavens! what a shiver ran down my back. Whatever it was behind those eyes, it had me at rare advantage, for it could doubtless see my slightest motion against the light at the entrance, while all that I could see were those two balls of yellow fire.

It was some time before my senses reached a reasonable state where I could trust them; then, to refresh the horror, I became convinced that the eyes and the source of that muffled thunder were not ten feet away from me.

I had a fine rifle, loaded and ready, leaning against the tree where I had tethered my horse. There was a good-sized revolver in my belt; but, aside from the difficulty of obtaining an accurate aim, I was doubtful if a ball from a revolver would penetrate the hide and skull of some natives of the Indian jungle. If this should chance to be one of them it would be bad policy to make the attempt.

I recalled those entertaining stories of brave men who had conquered ferocious animals by the power of a steady and fearless eye. But, alas! the boot was on the other foot. Beyond a doubt those glowing yellow balls were fixed on me, and I was certainly reduced to a state of very passive subjection.

I did not dare to look away for an instant after I once discovered the whereabouts of my neighbor, but lay there, with my face turned away from the entrance, estimating the chances

of a leap out of the cave and a dash for my horse, my rifle, or a tree. Reluctantly I came to the conclusion that if the creature meant business, and did not wish to part with me, the chances in my favor would be about as many as a mouse would have on a smooth floor with a cat behind and no hole in front. If not, I was doubtless as well off there as anywhere, so I decided to lie still and see what would come of it.

Slowly it grew lighter, and little by little a vague, huge outline appeared, gradually assuming shape and color till it developed into nothing less than a royal Bengal tiger, lying stretched upon the floor of the cave, with two great paws not six feet from my head, a whiskered chin resting contentedly upon them, and two bright eyes, sunk deep in soft, thick fur, fixed steadily on mine.

As an ounce of prevention I drew my revolver very cautiously, under the blanket, and cocked it, that it might be ready for an emergency. The click of the trigger startled her. I saw a sudden flash in the yellow eyes that were growing darker in the light, and with a subtle and silent insinuation, long, gleaming claws, as bright as polished horn, protruded from the massive paws under her chin.

"Aha! you treacherous beauty," I said to myself, then suddenly paused to think of the revolver under the blanket, and wonder if, after all, she were not quite as honorable about it as I.

It was a long time before she moved at all. Then very deliberately, and with the most evident satisfaction, she began to lick her whiskered lips and those two great paws. With a shudder of horror I noticed that they were covered with blood; but second thought brought a certain amount of relief. That blood indicated that she had recently eaten a hearty meal, and accounted for any lack of appetite, so far as I was concerned—a state of things which I earnestly prayed might continue for some time to come.

Slowly and sedately she accomplished a limited toilet, then, with a long, deep sigh she pushed her fore paws out at least a foot nearer to me, lifted her haunches from the ground, and indulged in one grand stretch, gouging her claws deep into the hard bed of the cave, precisely as I had seen cats do the same thing over and over again. She closed the operation by sitting erect, and I felt justified in doing the same.

A comical look of surprise crept over her face as she watched me. She hung her head on one side, partially closing one eye, then hung it on the other side in a scrutiny that under some circumstances would have been ludicrously amusing.

Her curiosity was evidently aroused. Cautiously she came a little nearer, making my blood run cold. She sniffed the blanket, poking it gently with her paw. Another step and the handsome head was within reach of my hand. Evidently she was not hungry, but from pure curiosity bent upon investigation, and if I could only have induced myself to let the morrow take thought for the things of itself I could have enjoyed the most remarkable opportunity ever offered to mortal man. But the nose was sniffing the saddle. The jaws were within six inches of my ribs. My heart was banging away furiously. What would she do next?

I dared not fire, for if I did and failed to kill her I should certainly be much worse off than at present. It was an excellent opportunity, however, to test the thickness of that fur upon her head, and without moving my hand more than three inches I touched it.

For an instant every muscle tightened and she stood stock still, evidently in doubt. I, too, was very seriously in doubt, but the next moment she seemed to realize that the sensation was agreeable, and she began to purr in a gigantic way that sounded like the first thunder of an August afternoon.

Seeing that she enjoyed it I rubbed a little harder, and when I ceased she rolled her head under my hand, just after the fashion of a large cat—a most amiable companion of my boyhood. I began to scratch in right good earnest, and in less than ten minutes had almost forgotten my fear, while the revolver lay upon the ground and I with both hands was giving that huge head a vigorous dry shampoo. The fur was beautiful, thick and soft, and as clean as though she had come from a Turkish bath.

Her eyes were soft and brown now—a real velvet brown. The heavy lids began to droop over them, and she looked up at me in the most gentle, loving way imaginable.

Slowly she sank upon the ground beside me, and lower and lower the shaggy head fell till it actually rested upon my knee. For an instant a cold chill crept over me as I realized the situation, and my hands involuntarily drew back.

The great eyes opened. The purring ceased, and, giving me a gentle poke with her nose, she warned me to begin again.

At last she was sound asleep, and by the slowest degrees I ceased the manipulation, and leaning back upon the saddle sat watching that sleeping beauty with her head resting upon my knee.

Oh, she was magnificent! She was simply superb! I forgot that she was a tiger. I saw only a royal Bengal beauty, and with a strange thrill of triumph realized that she had fallen in love with me. She began to dream of the forest. There was danger at hand. A shiver shook her handsome coat. Her tail swayed from side to side. A deep, low growl sounded in her throat, and from the paws that almost touched me those gleaming claws protruded. Aye! she was a tiger after all. If she was hungry when she awoke I should be her lunch. I took my revolver in my right hand and put my left upon her head to quiet her till I could fire. Drowsily she opened her eyes, looked into mine, and with a sigh of relief fell asleep again.

It was too much. I had the pistol down and in horror confessed to myself that I could not do it; for I, too, had fallen in love with the tiger.

Again she dreamed. She moved uneasily, opened her eyes, pricked up her ears, and showed her teeth in a way that made me wish that I had fired the pistol when I could.

Suddenly she rose, sank back on her haunches, turned half about, and with one sharp yelp and bound disappeared in the shadows far down the cave. A moment later I saw the two balls of yellow fire flashing there, and while I waited, wondering what was coming next, I caught the tramp of the British troops who were to pass that way, and bidding farewell to the beautiful tiger, I left her my saddle, my blanket, and my love.

MAMMA'S SPRING BONNET.

In the pretty front yard stood wee Bessie,
A queer little sunny-haired tot,
Each chubby hand holding securely
Her tiny tin watering pot,
While sprinkling around and about her
The fairy-like water-drops flew,
And kissed all the bright flower-faces
As soft as the touch of the dew.

But when all the flowers were watered,
Bess tripped up the stairs to the place
Where hung dear mamma's pretty bonnet,
All covered with flowers and lace;
And standing tip toe on the table,
Her chubby pink cheeks all aglow,
She sprinkled it over with water—
"Now flowerth," she said, "'oo musth grow."
FLORENCE JOSEPHINE BOYCE.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Silver bracelet, Edith Burbank, No. 67 West Seventy-sixth Street, New York.
Fishing-rod, Clarence Prior, Roslyn, Long Island, New York.

The essays received on the subject of Columbus are very creditable, dear little friends, and it is only after much looking over and puzzling that twenty names of those whose letters are best, most carefully prepared, and neatly written have been chosen for the honor roll. Welcome among our number are some new friends, pupils of the Kinsey Seminary, La Grange, North Carolina. It is evident that not only are the students diligent, but that, like my little friends in Winona, they are guided by careful and capable teachers. The letters generally continue to improve and are a pleasure to receive; in looking them over, your friend, the children's editor, feels very proud of her boys and girls.

HONOR ROLL.

Georgie Joyner, Mary Whitehurst, Carrie Taylor, Eula Rouse, Lizzie Hadley, Katie Davis, Louise Davis, Emma Roesser, Mary Lugagne, Melvin W. Ellis, Charles M. Williams, A. J. Vogel, James H. Davies, Cassen E. Parsons, Hans Naissen, Alice Ferguson, Ruth McKahan, Estelle Thomas, Alice M. Weeks, Anna V. A. Morrell, Helena Rickheit, Inez V. Hall.

PRIZE OFFER.

Prizes this month will be as before:
For girls, a silver bracelet.
For boys, a jointed fishing-rod.
They will be awarded for the best and most neatly written answers to the following questions:
I. What queen of France, herself of royal blood, rose to the height of power only to fall, be overwhelmed with despair, and suffer a most melancholy fate?
II. Of what nation was she a native?
III. Who was her husband?
IV. How did she die, and where?
V. What was the fate of her husband?
VI. To what power did they fall victims?

On the second page of this paper is a paragraph concerning the only photograph ever printed of Baby Ruth Cleveland. Copies will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents each.

The money received from the sale of these photographs will be donated by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY to some children's charitable institution in New York City, and will, most appropriately, be considered in the light of a contribution by her many friends in honor of the "little mistress of the White House."

FOR THE WOMEN

CONDUCTED BY ELLA STARR



LITTLE GIRL'S HAT OF SURAH AND SATIN RIBBON.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

[Any of our lady subscribers who are desirous of making purchases in New York through the mails, or any subscribers who intend visiting the city, will be cheerfully directed by the editor of the Fashion Department to the most desirable establishments, where their wants can be satisfactorily supplied; or she will make purchases for them without charge when their wishes are clearly specified.]

If one has sighed over the Empire gowns, wept over the "1830" dresses, she will now become a second Jeremiah over the reappearance of the crinoline—for there is no qualifying the matter any longer; it has reappeared. When I say crinoline I mean the real genuine article, the hoop-skirt. I saw the first one yesterday on Broadway. It was worn by a young woman, too, and she possessed more courage than a Godiva. Instead of the people hiding behind their closed doors, they rushed to their windows; others stood still in the streets. Passing vehicles drove up close to the curb, so that their occupants could get a better look at the temerarious creature, and yet she passed on, apparently unconscious and unabashed. No witch of Salem town ever created more of a turbulent sensation. How could one hesitate a moment between the Empire fashions and the frightful crinoline, the cause of so much raillery, the despair of so many artists? The former has possibilities of beauty, but the crinoline can never be aught but grotesque. To be graceful is to be beautiful.

The one main objection to the fine materials for this year's wear is their costliness, as, for instance, in capes, in which velvet of the richest

with plain cut edges. One of the wraps on the expensive order shows watercress-green leaves on a shot ground, in combination with velvet of the same hue. The trimming which edges the collar and the fronts is of shot spangles, while over the shoulders a volant of guipure is draped, which forms a V at the back.

The prophecy as to the prevalence of shot materials this year is everywhere being verified. There are shot whipcords in several pretty shades, old rose and pale green or gray being a favorite blending. The fancy shot crêpons are also likely to be popular. Some deliciously light beiges have characteristic spots of silk woven into them at intervals, the spots being of the same tone as the material. The plain whipcord in the most approved and up-to-date colors is a nice material for street dresses, and one of the neatest patterns for a spring morning-dress is in black or navy-blue cloth, peppered with tiny spots of various bright-colored silks.

Shot bengalines and wool-poppins will be much used, and one very novel and pretty cloth has a wool ground with a silk surface of another shade, the threads crossing in such a way that sometimes the silk, sometimes the wool, is apparent. There is a crêpon for evening wear, which is simply exquisite, made of silk and



DRESS OF PALE MAUVE AND YELLOW FOULARD.

shaded by broken rays of color till it resembles a rainbow of the most delicate tints. Naturally, it is expensive. There is a legion of patterns which I should very much like to describe, only that my space is insufficient, and, at any rate, to do full justice to the delicacy of their shades and their variety would be impossible.

Skirts of street dresses are about four or four and one-half yards wide at the hem, tapering up to a narrow top with scant fullness. They are frequently trimmed with rows of satin ribbon, sometimes matching, but oftener of a different color to the material. These ribbons are placed in rows two or more inches apart, and occasionally are of the same width, but are more often graduated from a narrow ribbon at the edge, to a broad one higher up.

The Spanish flounce effect is a becoming style to a tall woman, and is generally arranged with a narrow single or double frill of the material or satin ribbon. The edge of the flounce is finished in a like manner, and frequently the flounce will be a contrasting material to the dress proper.

Bodices, as a rule, end at the waist, and more often than not are finished with a broad belt, either of folded ribbon or passementerie. The foundation of the popular bodice is most simply made, with seams under the arms only, and upon this the material is draped. A flat bertha effect is arranged over the shoulders, and rests upon the full sleeves, which are pleated at the top and droop to the elbows.

The parasols for summer are already established, and the new ones are quite flat, so as

not to interfere with the elaborately trimmed hats. Others are a trifle more arched, and in medium-priced designs black will probably prevail, with a legion of satin and silk designs to fill up the interval. The "Empire" rises prominently as an extreme novelty. It is curved in sharply between the tips, and edged with a flounce of the material or of lace. It is shown in a great variety of materials, such as China crêpe, gauze, chiffon, and lace, in all the modish colors. The "1830" parasol is also flat in shape, being made with nine gores and untrimmed, other than a ribbon bow at the top of the handle. It is made, as a rule, of tiny-figured changeable silk. The "Castilian" is a parasol not so flat in shape, and is a combination of black lace and colored satin ribbon in cardinal, green, or violet.

The "Isabella" is very handsome in all black or all white, and, in a rich combination of black and cardinal or black and orange, suggests the sunny land of Spain. The "Columbia" is a parasol which might be correctly styled as "up to date." It is made of India silk in various tones, with a border flouncing of gauze showing a gay satin-striped edge. This flounce is gathered with a heading midway on the parasol, and falls gracefully and deep over the edge. Violet and "eminence purple" are the popular shades which prevail in satin parasols for ordinary use, while in the higher grades those in duchesse and Honiton lace and gauze are fabulously expensive.

SPRING MILLINERY.

Some of the new designs in millinery I am sorry to record as *bizarre* and *outré*, and again I have been much pleased with some specimens which I saw. One—a particularly dainty compliment to the early spring—was of straw in two shades, one in so tender a tint of green as to warrant the name of "young sprouts," the other a pale fawn. The crown was in the green, and the brim in fawn, caught up in Continental fashion, while the trimming consisted of bows of green satin ribbon, ospreys and violets made in velvet of dark and light tints. A tiny French capote is of open-work biscuit-colored straw, threaded with tiny black velvet ribbon and with garnitures of dandelions and delicate blue forget-me-nots. It would be difficult to find a prettier or more becoming hat than one of fine black Panama of a round shape, whose principal garniture consists of the fashionable lace quillings, black tips, and velvet flowers in the new "eminence purple," laid

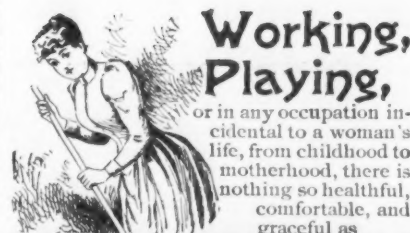


GRAY CLOTH CAPE TRIMMED WITH RUCHINGS OF GRAY SATIN RIBBON.

under the brim and on the crown. A graceful example of the shot-straw crown has a brim of black crinoline, with a velvet roll of violet softening the harsh junction of the two, with rosettes of dark green as a decoration.

A pretty hat for morning wear is of dark brown coarse straw with satin rosettes to match, and clusters of rich yellow buttercups. The Continental shapes are both jaunty and becoming, but are likely to become too popular to remain long in favor with the ultra-fashionables.

ELLA STARR.



FERRIS' GOOD SENSE Corset Waists.

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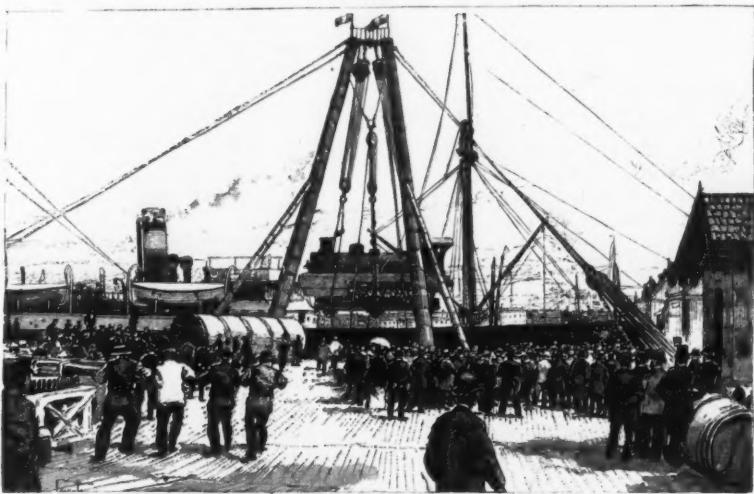


DRESS OF GREEN SERGE AND BENGALINE.

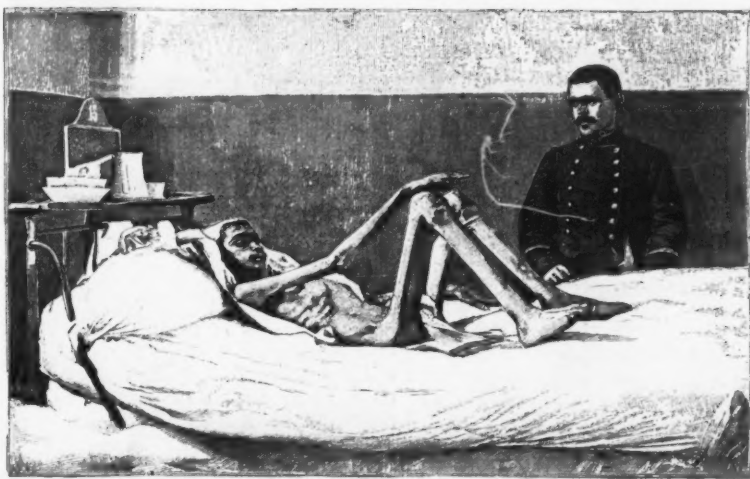
quality and loveliest shades enters largely; and when lace is used it is fabulously expensive. Of course there are capes of a much cheaper order—as, for instance, those of plain cloth with quillings of satin ribbon as borderings; or again,



THE LATEST "EVENT" IN NEW YORK SOCIETY—THE MARTIN-CRAVEN WEDDING AT GRACE CHURCH.—DRAWN BY C. BROUGHTON.
SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.



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Yours for a clear head—Bromo-Seltzer.

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GOOD ADVICE.

"If you want to make it a success you have to get good beer," said Mr. Busch to the Chicago World's Fair people. And, admitting the strength of the argument, they ordered their beer from the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, for their Columbian Casino Restaurant, demonstrating the fact, that in brewing fine beer St. Louis is ahead.

SOHMER & Co.'s Bijou Grand Piano is a unique instrument, being the smallest grand piano ever made, but possessed of a large tone.

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and your grandmother raised your mother, on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. It's the oldest brand, it's the richest brand, it's the most reliable brand of condensed milk ever offered to the public. Grocers and druggists.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
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When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



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of cod-liver oil its use was limited to easing those far advanced in consumption. Science soon discovered in it the prevention and cure of consumption.

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of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of lime and soda has rendered the oil more effective, easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste.

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Ask thousands of tortured and disfigured little babies throughout the land. Everything that is cleansing, purifying and beautifying for the skin, scalp, and blood of infants and children, the **CUTICURA REMEDIES** will do. They afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure in the most agonizing of itching and burning eczemas. They clear the skin of the most distressing scaly, crusted, pimply and blotchy humors. They cleanse the scalp of dandruff, scales and crusts, and restore the hair. They purify the blood of simple, scrofulous and hereditary humors. Thus from a simple blemish to the worst case of scrofula they are equally successful. Everything about these great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies inspires confidence. They are absolutely pure and may be used on the youngest infant. They are agreeable to the most refined and sensitive. They are speedy, economical and unfailing. Cures made in childhood are almost invariably permanent.

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SYMPATHETIC.

HE—"I have just lost my position."
SHE—"Aren't you sorry?"
HE—"Yes, for my father. It makes a difference of fifteen hundred dollars a year to him."
—Judge.

SHE OF THE STRONG MIND.

She holds him at her beck and call,
And he cannot but linger.
In time she'll make him seem so small
She'll twist him round her finger.
—Judge.

BROKE UP THE BUSINESS.

BRIGGS—"I see that Stubble, who went into business for himself two months ago, has failed."
GRIGGS—"You don't say! What was the cause of it?"
BRIGGS—"The book-keeper let him have an extra key to the cash-drawer."
—Judge.

"We have no more need of an ambassador than of an emperor," says the Rochester Post-Express. Well, good gracious! haven't we an emperor?—Judge.

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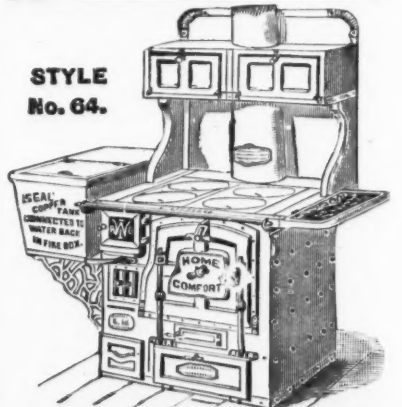
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